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NO. 35.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 111. I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially invited to attend.

N. G. LAYTON, Sec'y. J. C. NEWMAN, N. G.

T. E. G. RANSOM.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 32, meets at 9 A. M. every Tuesday evening in Kilpatrick's Hall. Brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. P. B. RUMSEY, Pres. Mrs. LENA ELMORE, Sec'y.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

NO. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings of this Lodge at Masonic Hall, on the fourth Monday in each month. Sojourning Brethren cordially invited to attend.

J. W. BURCHARD, Sec'y. J. W. SHARP, W. A.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

STATED CONVOCACTIONS on the third Saturday in each month in Masonic Hall at 8 P. M. Sojourning Companions are cordially invited.

J. E. BURCHARD, H. P. G. HOKWORTH, P. C.

RANSOM FOST.

NO. 4, G. A. R. meets at Grand Army Hall, on the second and last Saturday in each month. Visiting Comrades are invited to attend.

GEO. HOKWORTH, P. C. L. L. BURNS, Adjutant.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

NO. 8, K. O. P. Regular convention of this Lodge held every Tuesday evening in Kilpatrick's Hall. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited.

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REFERENCES:—Bank of Arizona, Prescott, Ariz.; Arizona Lumber Co., Flagstaff.

A COLORED ROMULUS.

Capture of a Child Reared by a Wolf.

IT WILL EAT ONLY RAW MEAT.

Impossible for one to Touch it.—How it was Caught.

Some twenty months ago a woman living on the banks of the Brazos misadvised her 3 months old baby from the pulpit where she had left it lying during an absence of a few minutes. Search was made for the infant, but no trace of it could be discovered, and the whole affair was wrapped in profound mystery until a few days ago. A party of gentlemen were riding through a somewhat unfrequented portion of the thick woods that border the river, when they were startled by seeing a strange object run across the road. Thinking at first sight that it was a wild animal, several of the party were about to fire on it, when the one who had been nearest to it called to them not to shoot, but to ride it down. This was done with difficulty, for the underbrush was thick, but at last the creature was overtaken in a dense copse. It was half running, half leaping, first on all fours and then nearly upright.

The gentlemen dismounted and attempted to lay hands upon it, but chattering frightfully and savagely biting and scratching, it broke away from them. They could see that it had a human face, though the brown body was covered with long, tangled hair, and the nails of the feet and hands so long and curved as to be claws. It ran with incredible swiftness, getting over fallen trees and dense masses of creepers at a rate that obliged its pursuers to exert themselves to the utmost to keep it in view. It finally ran into an immense oak tree that lay uprooted in the ground, and the hollow trunk of which formed a yawning cavern. By the dint of poking in the tree with sticks the party succeeded in driving out an old wolf, which immediately took to its heels. It was not pursued, as it was not the object sought. This, too, was finally dislodged and lassoed with a lariar made of hides. It bit and scratched so fiercely that it was thought advisable not to approach it, as it was half dragged, half led home with the lariar about its neck, howling and yelping like a wolf.

The fact of the negro woman's child having disappeared was well known to all, and it was decided that this must be the child. The old wolf had evidently stolen it and for some reason adopted it as its own. The mother declared that this conjecture was correct, claiming that her child had had a malformation of one ear, which peculiarity was found in the monster. It is kept tied up in her cabin, suffering no one to lay hands upon it, and is fed on raw meat, as it refuses to touch any other food. The woman has hopes that she may yet awaken the human in it, but in the meantime she is reaping a harvest from the crowds who come daily from all parts of the country to inspect the strange creature.—Sandy Point (Tex.) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

An American Buddhist in Japan. Col. Olcott is said to have created a veritable furor in his recent Buddhist tour through Japan. At first some of the Buddhist priests gave him the cold shoulder. Then he began to excite popular interest, which was intensified as he went through the larger provincial towns. At Nagoya, a large commercial town between Tokio and Kyoto, he had audiences at each lecture of about 4,000 people, and it is said that the wildest applause everywhere greets his declaration between the stable progress of the nation and the maintenance of true Buddhism. The Buddhists who control his tour, seeing the effect he is producing, are hurrying him about, so that he is delivering orations and lectures in three or four different places in the same day. He does not speak a word of Japanese, and his lectures are therefore delivered in English and translated on the platform by an interpreter, sentence by sentence, as he goes along. Yet he arouses great enthusiasm. Not only the common people hear him, but also the high officials. In many of the large towns through which he passed special meetings were held at times suitable to officials, at which they were alone present.—Home Journal.

An Ivy Plant's Tery Sympathies. One who passes by the Old South church these summer days will see a curious sight. The English ivy which has been slowly creeping over the front of the church through the last decade now holds in its grasp the old structure where Benjamin Franklin was baptized and "the tea party" was organized. Inch by inch its tendrils have felt their way along its walls, until now the growth has even dared to attempt to hide from view the big, broad slab that marks the "dedication" by the British. The little vine, planted by American hands and fed with American sunlight and rain, has basely tried to cover up the tablet that marks the rude acts of the English soldiery. It seems a case where the proper authorities can interfere with much needed justice on the presumptuous, overreaching plant.—Boston Advertiser.

Why Sunset Cox Came Home. But why should I dwell beside the Bosphorus when I did not know the Bosphorus of my own country? What was Bagdad to me, when I had Bismarck (Dak.) to see? What was Jerusalem, when I had not visited Huron? What was the falls of Switzerland, when I must help to harness the falls of Spokane? So I made my saluam to the Sultan. I wish you had seen my final bow to him. I had not met all his family. He has 400 wives, but I found him a genial fellow, and very kind to Americans. So I came home, and here I am.—From a Recent Speech.

A Big Pumpkin Vine Story.

A few days ago while the editor was in Covington he was shown by Hal Thornton, colored, who lives on a place belonging to the editor's mother, a pumpkin vine that is remarkable for the number and size of the pumpkins now growing on it. The vine is a very large one and is growing on very poor land, on the side of one of Georgia's famous old red hills, and if Hal had left the vine "alone" it would have covered considerable ground and would have borne many more pumpkins, but after the vine had "climbed" on top of a fence and on up into a large apple tree, he discovered that the numerous young pumpkins were breaking the tree down (the honest old negro's love was greater for apples than pumpkins), so he cut about half of the vine off. But the other half of that vine is there yet, and there are some pretty good sized pumpkins on it.

Assisted by our "better half" we measured a few of the largest, and here are the measurements: One pumpkin, four feet and eleven inches in circumference and two feet one inch in length; three pumpkins four feet and one inch in circumference and eighteen inches in length, and five pumpkins three feet and two inches in circumference and sixteen inches in length. Besides these there are quite a number of smaller ones on the vine. The largest pumpkin is not yet ripe, and when it does take on its golden hue it will be some larger, and it will be sent to the Piedmont exposition. A gentleman who has traveled all over the pumpkin growing states pronounces it the largest he has ever seen.—Lithonia (Ga.) Era.

Pics for Frogs and Sparrows.

The Tao-tai at Ningpo has issued the following proclamation to agriculturists, in meter of six syllables: "Frogs are produced in the middle of your fields; although they are little things they are little human beings in form. They cherish a life long attachment to their natal soil, and at night they melodiously sing in concert with clear voices. Moreover, they protect your crops by eating locusts, thus deserving the gratitude of the people. Why go after dark with lanterns, scheming to capture the harmless and useful things? Although they may be nice savories for your rice, it is heartless to slay them. Henceforward it is forbidden to buy or sell them, and those who do so will be severely punished. Sparrows, again, sing at their seasons sweetly in trees. They are not like wolves, tigers or leopards, which may take to injuring men when they grow large. Why go out with nets trying to catch them all from the hills and woods? Know that for the strong to slay the feeble for food is the way of wild beasts and rapacious birds. Resist the lust of your mouths and bellies for savory meats, and thus act in unison with heaven, which loves to preserve life. Both these sorts of creatures you are forbidden to catch from henceforth. Do not flatter yourselves that after this warning the punishment for disobedience will be mild."—New York Times.

A Tower of Diamonds.

A Tower Eiffel entirely of diamonds! This sounds like a dream. The reality, however, is not quite so dazzling as might be expected, and the model, which is an exact reproduction of the original monument, gains nothing in grace and beauty of outline to make up for the loss of grandeur and size. As it is, however, it is a very curious piece of work. The number of diamonds needed to construct this model, which measures thirty-nine inches in height, is 40,000, and they are set in rows on the silver girders. The only bits of color about it are the lower platforms, both in silver gilt in two shades of gold, the enameled flags at the four corners, and the ruby and sapphire set in the lantern, which is lighted by electricity and revolves by clock work. Messrs. Martin, Parno & Co. hoped to obtain admission for their jeweled tower at the exhibition, but it was completed too late, so it is shown to the public in the Rue de Seze galleries instead. The best time to see it is the evening, when a clever arrangement of electric burners lights up the jewels and causes them to sparkle and shine infinitely more than in the day time, especially the semi-circular rows which border the four great arches and which are brilliant of considerable beauty. The price put upon it is \$150,000.—London Queen.

Smoking Cars.

President Holmes is running smoking cars on the State street cable line. That is, he started to run them, but the women seem to be running them now. At the hours when the men are supposed to be going to and from the business center, President Holmes took extra cars onto the trains, at certain intervals, and labeled them "smoking cars." The label was on the outside of the car, and was plainly written, but the women did not see it, apparently. When they started to board the car the conductor would inform them that it was a "smoker," but they would pay no attention to him. When they took seats inside and saw men smoking they would call the conductor and complain. His explanation that it was a smoking car seemed to have no weight with them, and they threatened to report him. They glared at the smokers until the latter were ashamed into throwing away their cigars. Now, the "smoking car" is only a name. The women have made the new rule operative by their stubbornness. The only thing left for the smokers is to "get together" and smoke the women out. Every man who has attended college knows what "smoking out" means, and if the smokers unite in this movement they can achieve their rights in spite of the cranky females.—Chicago Herald.

Chinese Incendiaries.

It has been discovered that the recent fire in the Temple of Heaven at Peking was of incendiary origin. Several persons have been arrested for complicity in the crime. The authorities have learned that the object of the incendiary was to create the idea that the fire was an omen to warn the people against the introduction of railways in China.—Exchange.

SHE CAN FISH.

How a Woman Caught a Big Salmon Trout.

KILLING IT IN A SCIENTIFIC MANNER.

The Only One of the Season.—Her Fishing Outfit.

Few women include in their summer outfit fishing rods and an extensive selection of tackle. Prominent among the few who do is Mrs. Brownell of Bath. Her rods and tackle are chosen with special care as to quality, and are not carried as an ornamental appendage, but for real practical use. Mrs. Brownell is an enthusiastic and scientific angler. She has the record this season of killing the only salmon trout ever taken in Keuka lake on a six ounce rod. Salmon trout ordinarily lie in the deepest water, and the regulation tackle is a heavy hand line and troll, or a stiff rod rigged with heavy line and a gang of ten hooks, on which is impaled a small fish known as the saw belly. This bait is a fish with glittering scales, and is attached to the hook dead.

The rig is known as the Seth Green gang, Seth Green having introduced it among the Keuka lake fishermen. It is trolled, like the spoon, in deep water with a heavy lead attached to the line, which is let out from two to three hundred feet.

Mrs. Brownell was fishing for black bass near Gibson's, using live bait. She had landed a number of bass, when she had a strike that surprised her. She had hooked the fish, and instantly knew that it was not a bass she had fastened, for it dashed furiously for the deep water to ward the middle of the lake. Although it was an almost unheard of thing for salmon trout to be feeding in the water where she was fishing, she was convinced that this was a salmon trout that she had hooked, and she quickly governed herself accordingly. Her husband was with her in the boat, and started from his seat to assist her, but she quietly told him that she wanted to get that fish, and consequently the best thing he could do was not to get in her way.

There are few anglers, no matter how experienced, who could have successfully handled, with such light tackle, the tugging, struggling, dashing fish that was doing its best to tow Mrs. Brownell and her boat out into the lake, but she manipulated the fish with such skill that with all his strength and cunning he failed to catch her off her guard, so that he could snap the delicate line and leader to which the elastic rod and its masterly handling alone gave sufficient strength to hold him. The fish fought for half an hour, and then gave up. Mrs. Brownell reeled him to the boat, and lifted him over the side with her own hands.

A Millionaire's Floating Palace.

A strange looking craft appeared off the ocean front a day or two ago, being pulled along at a slow pace by a tugboat. The fog was so dense that not even the many seafaring people around could make out what it was. Some suggested that it might be Noah's ark, sent here by the Almighty in anticipation of a flood; others said it was the floating palace from Coney Island, and others even made the foolish remark that it was one of the houses carried away during the Johnstown flood. It finally reached the bar buoy on Thursday night, and yesterday morning was brought into the inlet on the flood tide, when its true character was disclosed to the curious crowd in waiting. It is a magnificently appointed boat house, on the lower floor of which is snugly resting a very handsome steam launch, which can be run out at pleasure. The name of this floating palace is the Falcon, and it is owned by Mr. Alexander MacGaw, a prominent and wealthy bridge builder of Philadelphia.—Atlantic City Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A Feline St. Bartholomew.

A terrible carnage of cats has been organized at Corbell, not far from Paris. Two persons living in the town were bitten by a local "tabby," which was declared rabid by a veterinary surgeon, whereupon the destruction of the town pussies en masse was decreed by the inhabitants. It is to be hoped, however, that the good people who have organized the massacre before they pave the way for a plague of rats and mice, a contingency to which their present wild and extraordinary conduct seems to point. In the meantime the victims of the "rabid cat" have started for M. Pasteur's laboratory in Paris.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

New Way of Propelling a Boat.

Samuel L. Farmer, of Henderson, Jefferson county, N. Y., has invented a boat which, he claims, can be rowed faster than any now in use. Only one car is used, which is thrust through the middle of the boat, somewhat after the fashion of a centerboard. The boat is propelled by working the car backward and forward. The leverage obtained is enormous, and the inventor says that a small boy in his boat can beat a professional oarsman in a shell.—Exchange.

Two Queer Calves.

Two bovine freaks have appeared in this vicinity recently. S. Landman has a calf without tail or eyes, and Robert Jones has another that has the skin of an elephant and no hair on its body.—Waynesboro (Md.) Cor.

Diamonds Are Up.

Diamond dealers in Maiden lane and John street are watching every movement of the market with sharp eyes. Their wares have been advancing steadily in value for four months past, and prices show no sign of any falling off. "On the contrary," said a well known Maiden lane importer, who has just returned from Europe, "I found the London market very stiff and upish in tone. As is generally known, the output of the African diamond mines is controlled by what is known as the Amalgamation, which is a sort of diamond trust, and three London firms, Jules Porges, Bonato Brothers and Julius Kohn, handle the greater portion of the uncut diamonds that come to that market. They have restricted the output to suit themselves, and as a consequence many of the Amsterdam cutters and polishers are running with reduced forces, while some of the smaller shops have closed up altogether.

"The market's firmness may be judged by an incident which occurred in London just before I sailed. I was in the office of a large diamond firm, trying to get some stones suitable for my trade, when an outsider, that is, a man not in the trade, came in and purchased a parcel of medium stones, weighing from one to three carats, and valued at \$3,000 or \$7,000, for which he paid cash down. He had the stones wrapped up, and put them back in the firm's safe to await a rise in the market. I also know of many American dealers who went over this spring to buy from \$50,000 to \$100,000 worth of stock who have returned with only half the stones they intended to purchase, and some came back with even less than half."

Diamonds are, as a matter of fact, from 20 to 25 per cent. higher today than they were four months ago, when the market began to feel the manipulations of the diamond trust. The trust is evidently a success, and if diamonds keep on going up engaged couples may have to be content with other gems.—New York Sun.

Queer Things on Mount Lyell.

Thomas Albright, the well known Prescott prospector, informs The Index that "grand sights have been seen" around Mount Lyell during the past two weeks. All through the present season it has been noticed that the glacial streams flowing from beneath the great ice field—which have been trickling in measured volumes for thousands of years—have increased so as to become respectable creeks in many instances. This could not be accounted for, as the heat of the sun is probably no more intense than it has been many times before.

Possibly the phenomenon may be explained by recent occurrences. Within the past month singular lights and glows have been noticed along the upper edge of the ice, the towering bare cones gleaming phosphorescently amid the gloom of night.

Each morning following a display of this kind smoke is seen issuing from under the ice in intermittent streams, as if ejected by some force acting beneath. At times the whiffs are sharp and sudden from a dozen or more places at the same time, accompanied by a red dust which settles on the glacier and discolors it in blotches of many acres. It is believed, as Mr. Albright says, that the mountain is "alive and working," and that the pent up forces within are struggling to make a vent. The glacier is about two miles in length and a mile in width. Its depth in places, judging from the profile of the mountain, which is 13,000 feet in height, must be enormous. Perhaps old Pluto has resumed operations in his laboratory and is endeavoring to throw out the great mass of ice which plugs his chimney. Lyell has been dead to all appearances for countless ages—ever since the time, in the forgotten past, when, by some cataclysm, the whole continent was covered by an ice cap several thousand feet in thickness. Maybe the old hill is trying to reassert itself and demonstrate to the world that it still has latent life.—Homer Index.

Health in Tenements.

It has always been accepted that in cities the death rate in tenement houses is greater than the general death rate. This belief has recently been controverted, as far as New York city is concerned, by a careful analysis of the returns made to the health department. It was found that last year the general death rate per 1,000 inhabitants was 26.33, while the death rate among tenement dwellers was 23.71. Beyond this it was found that the death rate in large tenement houses is less than in the smaller ones. The chief reason for this difference of mortality is attributed to the exercise of the plenary power of the board of health in regard to them in both construction and appointments during recent years, while the construction and appointments of the hitherto supposed to be the most healthful class of houses have been left to the intelligence of the architects and tenants, excepting a general compliance only with the plumbing laws.—Boston Herald.

Discouraging the Whittiting Habit.

In New Haven they are determined to discourage the practice of whittiting public buildings. A prisoner in the lockup climbed up a ventilator shaft and cut away a number of slats, only to be nabbed by the vigilant watchman. Brought before the magistrate he was fined \$30 and costs for damaging the building, in addition to receiving the penalty for the misdeeds that brought him into the toils of the law.—Boston Transcript.

Seventy-three years ago Mrs. Sally B. Weeks Bucknam, then a blushing bride, went to housekeeping in a snug farmhouse on the west slope of Mount Prospect, N. H. The other day in this same house, where she has lived ever since, she celebrated her one hundredth birthday, and was strong enough to receive not only her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but also a large number of her friends and acquaintances.

Baer's Photographs

Arizona Scenery

Grand Canyon.

Cliff Dwellings, Etc.

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